

Lest We Forget



By EDWIN F. SURBER



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THE SHENANDOAH RIVER
South Branch—Near Manor, Warren Co., Va.

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LEST WE FORGET !

If for title you look, to place on this book ;
Do thou write on its back, the word Coronach :
A lament for the dead, the things that have sped,
For the heart feels the surge, of resounding dirge.
Yet, above the lament, comes vision of tent,
Of the Flag carried fair, by those who did dare.
Of battles' stern array, in the olden day,

Of heroes who led, of foes who fled.
Wild and high the Pibroch rung, deep and low its moans were sung.

We do invoke, to lend thy aid,
That we may launch in light canoe :
A tale of village, not of maid :
We do assure, the story's true.



THE SHENANDOAH RIVER AND MASSANUTTEN MOUNTAIN

THE SHENANDOAH RIVER

The Stars, thy parents are, O Shenandoah!
Above thy silvery waves, a stream of light
In waving lines of bars, along thy shores,
Was flashing red in azure hue of night,
When poet saw, and wove in fancy dight:
A web, with stars among and dreams elate,
A cross, with stars along for banner bright,
A song, with tones to woo the patriot's fate:
And weaving still, the thunder's boom for stroke of State.



THE VILLAGE

There lay in the sun or the stars looked down upon, a village, where Cyclopean towers and castled hill, like grim fortress stood; when in eighteen hundred sixty-one, the beacon call to arms, threw its red light over the Valley of the Shenandoah.

From the caverns of the hill, through limestone clefts that were garnished with fern and moss, a bubbling spring uprose, as clear as crystal. Its waters were caught by the dam, overhung with willows that half-draped the mill, and eddying back against the cliffs alongside, formed a lake that mirrored the blue sky, the passing cloud, the king-fisher as he perched on the elm, and the barn-swallows as they skimmed along its rippling surface to knead the mortar for their concrete nests.

The bluff of cliff and hill, extending up to the road, gave lodgement to clusters of cedar, of chestnut oak, of locust trees, where perching and singing birds found summer homes. The oriole hung her nest high up on swaying limb of locust tree; the turtle-dove with mournful note, brooded in the chestnut oak; robin-redbreast preferred the many crotched cedar for his mud-thatched nest. The cardinal flashed his red plumage against the dark green of the foliage.

From dizzy edge of jutting ledge of cliff, bloomed the wild columbine. The Easter-flower rooted there, helped to color eggs of many hues.

In the waters of the lake, with chub and perch, were nibbling minnows, the yellow-sucker, the squirming eel. Python-like water snakes lay coiled on jutting rock, or hung entwined from pendent grape-vines. The big green bull-frog, on his chosen throne of stump, gnarled root, or rotten log, sat blinking or drowsing in the sun, or plunged ker-chug from the shadow of a passing stone. In the late summer, the yellow-sucker lay in schools, ready for the horse-hair snare. While the minnow readily impaled himself on a pin-hook, when tempted by the wriggling fish-worm.

Around about the village were many sink holes and old field ponds, where the frog and the skilpot were comrades on mud-anchored logs, and where little boys first learned to swim.

But the swimming-hole was a mile away, where the river trailed from the North Mountain, its devious way, under hemlock and spruce, poplar and maple, over roots and rocks, in deep pools and shallow, by shivered cliffs, and by caverns whose gaping mouths drank up half its rushing waters.

Nearby and under Castle Hill, was the spring-house cave,—every boy knew,—with its long hallway arched and floored with limestone. Where dripping stalagmites hung low, and Job's milk crock uprose from the floor.

The mill,—whose great overshot wheel with its endless chain of buckets, was turned by the flumed waters of the fore bay,—kept on with its grinding task from Monday morning until Saturday night. The farmer boys on horseback, astride their grists, came to fill its hoppers with golden grain. The white-garbed miller, with broom in hand, stood guard against all dirt-encumbered feet.

The tannery, with its bark mill turned by a single horse,—its earth-sunk vats, from which reeking, odorous hides were drawn,—lay below the mill, and was supplied with water, drawn through a wooden pipe, from the spring above the dam.

The paper mill, that contributed to the industrial life of this ideal village, was nearly a mile away below the lower dam, whose expanse of placid water encroached upon the meadow lands, marked by over-flooded cedars and stumps of forest tree, with its shallows grown thick with reedy flag, that in the late September, marshalled its warriors with pom-pom crests, to hide young ducklings, both wild and tame: the loon, and even the wild goose, tempted by its fair expanse, to brood or feed, or weary from long flight dropped down upon its peaceful waves to rest. When winter's icy breath froze its limpid waters, it became the village skating rink. It was also the home of the yellow-sucker. And when the eel was waked by thundering March from his oozy bed, he grappled his sinuous, slimy length with hook and line extended from many a setting pole.

THE BLUE-HOLE

Alongside lay the *blue-hole*, whose deep fissure was cleft by some thirsty Titan, that he might drink, from the heart-source of his mother-earth, the living waters. This is overhung with trees, deep-rooted in limestone cliffs, where the wild columbine roots and flowers in tantalizing luxuriance. Across the chasm a single board, from which to cast a line for sun perch that play in the shadows.

Farther the waters go, through flume and dike,
Over crest of dam with cataract roar,
Or as a babbling brook through green meadows,
Or but softly all but lost in the lush grass,
Or where the ox-eyed daisy, white fringed,
With golden heart, gladden the pasture field.

But here they must stay for the Sabbath day,
With eddying swirl and sinuous curl,
They placidly rest on the dam's great breast,
Under the willows.



THE BLUE HOLE

"Alongside—Unfathomable—Cleft by thirsty Titan."

THE FORRER'S FURNACE DAM

Beyond the great North Mountain the sun sinks
To rest; night comes on raven wing to weep,
While the laughing, murmuring waters sleep.
The full moon fresh from her bath in the ocean,
With ringlets dripping, peers over the Blue Ridge,
And slowly lifts the shadow of Turk's great hill,
From off the sleeping waves that wake to greet her;
Wizard nature's voice calls her votaries.

From the ruins of the furnace-tower,
Comes the leather-winged bat to flit about,
By phosphorescent glare of Jack O'Lantern there,
Or of myriad fire-flies lighting the gloom;
To feed on unctuous worm or insect rare.
The whip-poor-will calls from distant hill,
Or mutely sits on casement of the mill.
The screech-owl's shrill cry is answered back,
By old tu-whit tu-whoo, of great hollow tree;
Whose blinking eyes slow pilot him along,
On heavy wing to feed on writhing snake,
Or loathsome toad, or scurrying rodent.

The musical chimes of many June frogs,
Mingle with the low note of the mocking bird,
Waked to ecstasy, that trills sweet and low,
From his leaf-hidden perch in rugged elm.
The trembling night wind sighs in the tree tops;
The Spirit of the Valley glides through the mist,
The ghost of Voyageur floats over the water,
The wild duck feeds where the cat-tails grow.



THE MILL DAM—HEAD OF MOSSY CREEK
A White Mill Swathed in Weeping Willows.

MOSSY CREEK CHURCH—1861

The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who are among the first to pre-empt the rich soil, found here a sylvan paradise, and mindful of the great Creator's beneficence, built in a grove of ancient oaks, a house of worship, named for the mossy creek, which was fed by springs from every field and all the hills, welling up from limestone reservoirs, and prospering, they surrounded themselves with the refinements of education and of culture. The nearby *Academy* laid the foundation for college and for university. Pretentious, of red brick with its colonnade portico and spacious campus, it crowned the summit of a neighboring hill with its easy ascending slope; while below were the traditional rows of white-washed dormitories with boarding-house.

Other churches were scattered about on Mount Zion's with high steeples to be nearer the throne of Grace, or in sequestered groves to woo Deity to pleasant retreats.

A summer Sabbath day spent here, was an occasion long to be remembered. The Sunday school preceded the sermon, and while the assemblage from the country-side awaited the hour of service, they were grouped under the shade of the trees, seated upon the gnarled roots of the oaks, or on slab benches, or stood by turns, or were stretched upon the green sward. They were discussing the condition of the crops; the contemporaneous events of political, social, religious, and educational life until time for service to begin.

Afternoon service was preceded by lunch. Well-filled baskets were open to all who came. Brake-wagon and barouche were appropriated by young women who queened over the rustic beaux.

Stamping feet and swishing tails of neighing horse and whinnying mare that were tethered to saplings, hitching-posts, and bridle-racks, and accoutred with saddle or harness, together with the carpet-bag, that hung from the off-horn of the side-saddle with its essentials of toilet, were features of this rural scene.



SILVER LAKE, DAYTON, VA.—ROUND HILL IN THE BACKGROUND

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

On April 17, 1861, Virginia, after vainly protesting against the armed invasion of the South:

Flung down with rage the gauntlet of defiance,
To the gathering clans of Yankee Northmen,
Refusing longer unfair alliance,
Struck her shield a mighty blow,—and when
It rung from hill to hill,—she struck again.
From crest of peak to ocean beach, a host
Awoke,—each lowland man and mountain clan,—
To see the fiery cross—they drank the toast:
“To win or lie with slain of battlefield,” their boast.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL AND AFTERMATH

Forth from the village school came the teacher arrayed in glittering uniform, to lead to battle and to death, those whom he had only sought to teach. In but a little while the entire military population of the State was under arms. The wheels of industry choked for want of tending. Young boys with women and girls were left "to drive the team afield." The schools closed. The academies and colleges became hospitals; or stood tenantless with broken shutters and doors ajar.

That brief, bloody, four years of war, swept away youth and manhood. The nucleus of an empire, that Virginia was nursing for conquest of the industrial realms of the south and west.

At the close, when charred walls and fenceless lands failed to mark its pathway,—a riderless horse stood in the stable, or roamed the pasture field. Or an empty saddle hung on the rafters, or a spur or gauntlet, over the fireplace; reminders of him who lies asleep in the churchyard, or on the field where he fell, or the prison where he died.

The maimed with crutches, gave further expression to this voiceless woe. Little children scarce knew,—for the hand of sorrow touches them lightly; but their future was marred, their means of education, of culture, suddenly withdrawn. Many were orphaned and helpless. The property loss was incalculable and irretrievable. Measureless was the disaster.



CYCLOPEAN TOWERS, AUGUSTA CO., VA.
Loca ly known as "The Chimneys."

THE BELLS OF LONG GLADE

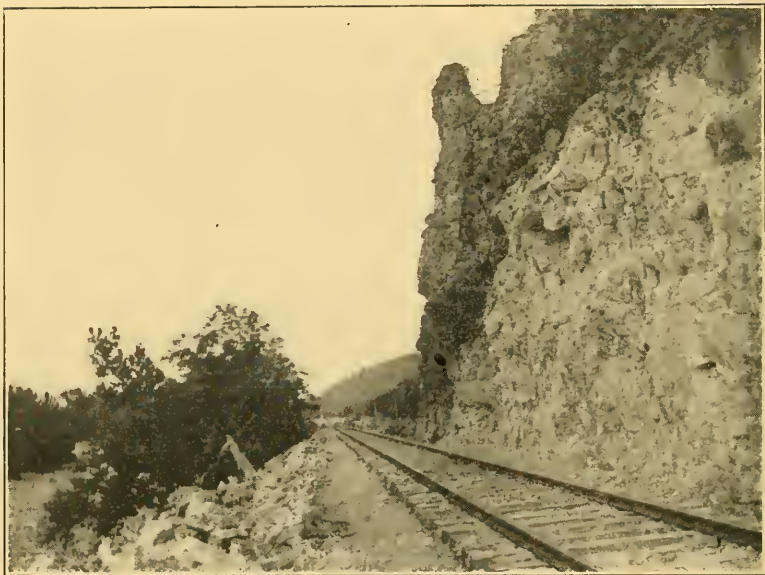
The pastor, who on the village square prayed and exhorted, as he gave the silken banner to those who went forth to the fray,—many of whom returned only for burial beneath the oaks of the churchyard,—labored to give such comfort as he could to stricken homes, for:

O'er every hearth the erstwhile tossing plume,
Had become an emblem of mourners' gloom;
The bells were tolled for Bell's who fell,
Until they resounded from hill to dell;
The clan had answered the beacon call,
But they had been met with steel and ball;
Their tartan plaids were stained with red,
And sire and mother wept over the dead.

THE FLAG BEARER.

The wheels of the mill turned on, but its grinding was slow;
the gray-haired miller was there, but his athletic helper was
bearing other grist:

For in his stalwart hands,—a glorious deed,—
He bore the symbol of a Nation's pride,
A cross of stars in azure gleaming,—to lead:
For those who saw, gave wild huzza! and cried,
A battle cry, and rushed on foe that died,
By gleaming steel or cannon's hail,—a state
Thy own,—brave color guard on southern side;
Stitzer, no mailed cuirass could fend their hate;
Brave flag-bearer, thy doom was sealed by the hand of fate.



CATTLE HILL BLUFF

THE BOOMING GUNS OF FIRST MANASSAS

It might be said with truth that the booming of cannon at the First Manassas, or Bull Run, announced the real war in Virginia. The air currents carried the reverberations to unknown, and at that time marvelous distances from the field of battle. Sometimes they came like heart-throbs, yet slower. A hundred miles would be long and almost unbelievable distance.

Yet with ear attuned to catch the sound, it soon became familiar and easily recognized. Such an assertion is today readily accepted.

The guns of Manassas were heard far and wide. Over the mountain they came, a dull thud as the hoofbeat of a horse on the metaled turnpike of the Shenandoah Valley, which for ninety miles from Winchester to Staunton, became the great military highway for the opposing armies. Located nearly in the centre, on the crest of the water shed, and nearly equi-distant from the mountains on either side.

As a standard macadamized roadway, maintained in the highest degree of efficiency, it was the main artery of a system reaching over the Alleghanies to the Ohio River, both down the Big and Little Kanawha rivers. The stage coach, conveying the mail and passengers, was hurried along by relays of splendid horses. The bugle note of the horn was heard as they approached relay station, village postoffice, or terminal town. This pike bore the traffic of war, during the four years, scarce scarred by its usage, and save for burnt bridges it was intact, and remains today a great achievement, almost the last remaining evidence of Virginia's internal improvements, prior to that war.

THE VALLEY PIKE AS A MILITARY ROADWAY.

Save here and there rock fences, that extended alongside or at right angles, and built of blue-gray limestone, the Valley pike was fenceless in 1864. No attempt having been made during the last two years to cultivate. The fields lying near were covered with pasturage, when by chance they escaped as camping ground.

When any part of this section lay between the lines or within the Federal lines, it became the theatre of a desultory warfare, kept up on the part of the Virginians, by a nucleus of scouts, home on leave, invalids recovering from wounds, or horse details, seeking the easier, if more dangerous method of securing mounts, often the only way for them.

The effect of this was to confine the Federal scouting parties to the main roadway, and thereby protecting the outlying farms. Proximity to the mountains enabled these to protect their farm stock, and essential supplies from either army, by hiding it out from friend as well as from foe.

THE TOWN OF NEW MARKET.

One of the many picturesque places on this great military highway of the Shenandoah Valley was the town of New Market, also famous as a battlefield, which lies well up on the crest of the water shed, and is likewise in the narrowest part of the main valley, separated by the peaked and Massanutten range of mountains from Luray or Page Valley, which it reaches over a turnpike road through the New Market Gap of this Massanutten range. A diverging road also swings away to the northwest up Linville's Creek to Harrisonburg some twenty miles. Whilst going northeast, over Rude's Hill and Meem's Bottom, and crossing the north branch of the Shenandoah River at Mount Jackson, after it has received the waters of Smith's Creek, from the foothills of the Massanutten, is the Valley pike.

In "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," published by the Century Company of New York, 1884-1888, Gen. John D. Imboden, of Augusta county, Virginia, in Volume No. 4, page 481, in his "The Battle of New Market, May 15, 1864," gives the following description of the Town of New Market, and adjacent country:

"In 1864, the village of New Market had a population of about one thousand. Its site is one of the most beautiful in the far-famed Shenandoah Valley. The north fork of the Shenandoah River flows behind a range of hills that rise gently to a height of perhaps four hundred feet northwest of the town.

"These hills were cleared and in cultivation on their slope facing the town, and at their foot runs the Valley Turnpike, the main street of New Market and the great highway of the Valley during the war. About a mile east and south of the turnpike flows Smith's Creek a mill-stream at the foot of the rugged Massanutten mountain, which, from Strasburg to near Port Republic, separates the Luray or Page Valley from the Shenandoah Valley for a distance of over forty miles. Luray and New Market are connected by a mud pike which crosses the Massanutten mountain through a slight depression or gap four miles from New Market. Five miles northeast of New Market the Valley turnpike crosses the north fork of the Shenandoah, on the boundary of the celebrated "Meem Plantation." Rude's Hill, one mile nearer New Market than the river at the bridge, overlooks the whole of the Meem's bottoms from an elevation of per-

haps from seventy-five or one hundred feet. No place in the great valley was the scene of more conflicts than the Meem bottoms and Rude's Hill. From this hill to New Market, four miles, the country is undulating, and was cleared and in a high state of cultivation. Between New Market and Smith's Creek, where the road to Luray crosses it, there was in 1864, a body of perhaps one hundred acres or more of woodland, and the town and its outskirts were ornamented by many orchards."

"From about the center of the town a deep little valley, or rather ravine, leads to the north fork of the Shenandoah River, and cuts the range of hills back of the town at right angles, the hills being higher on the southwest side of the ravine, than those on the northeast side. This description of the town and country, is necessary to a clear understanding of the movements on both sides in the battle of May 15, 1864."

The Massanutten range beginning with Peaked Mountain near McGaheysville, and terminating its cleavage of the main Shenandoah Valley, with Three Top Mountain near Strasburg, here presents a long waving or undulating blue-gray indented line on the horizon. Nearer it presents that which it really is, a barrier to be overcome with difficulty. Darkly wooded, its crests are covered with cliffs and loose-lying rock. Haunt of venomous rattlesnake as well as of catamount. Long time have the wild turkeys reared their young, and found roosting places in the dark-green of its secluded pines. The waters gush from its scars, and near the foothills are found orchards of apples. Higher up were the refuge camps.

THE SMITH'S CREEK SCHOOL—1864-1865.

In an ancient brandy distillery, rock built, fortress walled;
within, gushing spring of clear cold water; without, luscious
apples on interlocking boughs; and on the road leading along
Smith's Creek, near rugged base of Massanutten an aged edu-
cator, renowned through all the Valley of the Shenandoah, for his
erudition, begun by the blazing pine-knot, which the hard lines
of his earlier life compelled, was teaching school. On a day in
October of 1864, a student of his, had occasion to visit New
Market, three miles away:

As the crows that fly across the fenceless fields,
With here and there a group of trees,
Whose massive base the campers' axe defy,
He slowly walked towards the gray roadway;
That echoed here and there with rhythmic thud,
The loping horse of rider blue or gray.

Hurry up, there, and you will see some fun,
The Yanks in town, called out a soldier gray.
As they in dip and bend of sloping field,
Rode swiftly on towards the gray roadway.

There was no screen to hide the foe from scout,
The mountains here lent aid to find them out.

•

FAST ON THE HEELS OF THE HORSEMEN

Horse-hungry was the youth who walked that day,
He lacked a steed to be a soldier brave,
My kingdom for a horse, his soul cried out,
Ten thousand roached and trimmed on prancing hoof,
Had passed that way.

On cloth of blue, MacClelland saddle lay,
With army coat rolled, strapped on behind;
In front, on either side, carbine and colt;
Breast girt, with crupper held, and band beneath;
With bit to curb, and bridle rein in slack:
This war-horse roached and trimmed, on prancing hoof:
And thus they rode, each one of Sheridan's men:
Ten thousand like him had passed that way.

Forging ahead with hurried tread,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fast on the heels of the horsemen.

Where orchard lay, he saw the soldiers gray,
Still hiding and creeping, were on their way;
But now, they ride with rebel yell,
And fire of shot that rattling fell,
On weather-boarded house, where Yanks in blue,
With foot in stirrup, leg on crupper, fairly flew;
And they were Sheridan's men.

With waving straw hat and shout,
In his little black round-about;
Hurrah, for the lone charge of one!
A braver deed than that was never done,
Fast on the heels of the horsemen!

Then came a pause of the soldiers gray,
They seemed less eager for the fray;
Something they saw far down the street,
Where Yankees were in full retreat;
But leader gray would have his way;
They rallied, they rode, to the charge again:
 The boy in haste to see the fun,
 Close on the heels of the horsemen.

Something they saw in peep number two,
For back again they came into view;
The man was battle mad who led,
For oaths he swore, fierce words he said;
Forward once more, the soldiers gray,
Were closely formed and rode to the fray.

But whatever they saw far down the street,
At last they decided to beat a retreat;
For back they came with pounding lope,
Over the hill and down the slope.
 The boy was caught, too far to retreat,
 Or to follow the flying horsemen.

A brave cedar tree was standing nearby,
Thus supported, he hesitated to fly;
He waited long for pennon and lance,
With throbbing heart, to see the foe advance;
But deciding at last that to be found out there,
Would be rather a dangerous affair,
 He determined to flank,—
 For that was Jackson's way.

From cedar to cedar, who sentinel stood,
Until winning at last the big gray road,
Across its vista he swung with a bound,
And down back street, to Linville road in town.
With bated breath and steady pace,
He turned on the foe a guileless face,
 Right on the heels of the horsemen.

For at the Linville road the soldiers blue,
And thus guarding their flank had rallied too,
And those brave videttes, in stirrup steady,
With carbine poised on knee at ready;
 With beady eyes a-leering,
 Into windows they were peering.
Which way, they asked the boy they passed?
Answered the boy with wave of hand, out yonder!

Close on the heels of the horsemen blue,
There came a regiment of infantry too;
From curb to curb in platoon formation,
They were marching on with great elation.

 Say there, Johnnie,
 What's the name of this town?
 New Market!
"Faith, and we'll make it Old Market!"
A son of Erin, cried.

 The horsemen gray, had gone their way,
 And may have been some of Mosby's men,
 Alert on the trail of Sheridan's men.

Richly harnessed with housen of leather,
And some with nodding plumes of feather;
Both horse and mule were hurrying along,
Urged by driver with whip and song;
Behind them with traces taut, the loaded wain,
Six hundred, bowed and sheeted, in a train,
 Carrying food to Sheridan's men,
 Fast on the heels of the horsemen.

**Bayonet Charge of Virginia Military Cadets
Battle of New Market, May 15, 1864**

In early spring,—the fifteenth of May,
Some braver boys,—had charged from orchard way.

Who, to fill a bloody wound in line formation,
And with not a tremor of disturbed elation;
Dressed to right, and on left,—marked time with rhythmic grace,—
While belching cannon spurted cinder in their face.

As on parade, with steel and ball, they fought their way,
To the smoke-wreathed top, where grim Napoleon's lay;
With bayonet charge and battle yell, they won the crest,
With gleaming sword, they pierced the haughty foeman's breast.

While cypress and laurel enshrine their fame,
Myrtle and rosemary hallow their name:
Those V. M. I. Cadets.

--

The Vandalism of Sheridan's Army, October, November 1864.

On November 18, 1864, the Staunton Vindicator, of Augusta county, Virginia, printed a report of Rockingham county's losses taken from the Rockingham Register, of Harrisonburg, Virginia, as follows:

"Rockingham's Losses.

"The following is a fair and accurate exhibit of the losses inflicted upon this great and noble county of the 'Old Commonwealth,' by the Yankees in their last raid up the Valley. It has been obtained by our County Court, after diligent effort, and the employment of all the means necessary to approximate accuracy in such a calculation.

"The Court after being called together for the purpose, appointed a Committee of (72) seventy-two persons, consisting of (36) thirty-six citizens of respectability and standing, located in every section of the County, and after a careful and accurate canvass of the County, they have furnished the estimate of the losses hereto appended. Has any other one County in the Confederacy suffered to the same extent? Look at the exhibit:

Dwelling houses burned.....	30
Barns burned.....	450
Mills burned.....	31
Fencing destroyed in miles.....	100
Bushels of wheat destroyed.....	100,000
Bushels of corn destroyed.....	50,000
Tons of hay destroyed.....	6,232
Cattle carried off.....	1,750
Horses carried off.....	1,750
Sheep carried off.....	4,200
Hogs carried off.....	3,350
Factories burned.....	3
Furnace burned.....	1

"In addition to which, there was an immense amount of farming utensils of every description destroyed, many of them of great value, such as McCormick reapers and threshing machines; also household and kitchen furniture, money, bonds, plates, &c. The whole loss being estimated at the enormous sum of twenty-five million, five hundred thousand dollars (\$25,500,000.00). This estimate is in Confederate prices, and should be reduced, we think, about one-fifth in order to bring it to the Government Standard."

Gen. Jubal A. Early says:

"While Sheridan's forces were near Harrisonburg, and mine were watching them, three of our cavalry scouts, in their uniforms and with arms, got around his lines near a little town called Dayton, and encountered Lieutenant Meigs, a Federal engineer officer, with two soldiers. These parties came upon each other suddenly, and Lieutenant Meigs was ordered to surrender by one of the scouts, to which he replied by shooting and wounding one of the scouts, who in turn fired and killed the Lieutenant. For this act Sheridan ordered the town of Dayton to be burned, but for some reason that order was countermanded, and another substituted for burning a large number of private houses in the neighborhood, which was executed, thus inflicting on non-combatants and women and children a most wanton and cruel punishment for a justifiable act of war."

Gen. Wesley Merritt, says:

"On August 16, 1864, Sheridan's Cavalry, Custer's Brigade, retreated from Cedar Creek to Berryville, driving all the cattle and livestock, and burning the grain in field or stocks,—no other property was injured, nor were private families molested.

"When the army commenced its return march, the army was deployed across the valley, burning or destroying, or taking away everything of value, or likely to become of value, to the enemy.

"The Valley from Staunton to Winchester, was completely devastated and the armies thereafter occupying that country, had to look elsewhere for supplies."

Gen. Early says:

"The Yankees retired from Harrisonburg during the night of October 5, 1864, and that he arrived at New Market on October 7, 1864.

"That Rosser pushed forward on the back and middle roads in pursuit of the enemy's cavalry, which was engaged in burning houses, mills, barns, and stacks of wheat and hay, and had several skirmishes with them.

"On the 9th of October, Rosser and Lomax encountered his whole cavalry force at Tom's Brook in rear of Fisher's Hill."

The Indian Summer of 1864, in Shenandoah Valley.

The Indian Summer came, to veil again,
The Shenandoah, with misty mantle o'er;
And ghostly warriors racing, mist or rain,
The crimson flushing saw of hunting lore.
A tint of red on wreaths of clouds that soar;
And pungent odors on the breeze did run,
With breath of fire that came to open door;
But when the burst of flame did shame the sun,
There came a cry of grief and blame, for what was done.

An Army swathed in smoke of burning rage,
Their trail was blazing down that Valley fair,
To scorch with shame the historian's page.
The great bank-barns made red the midnight air;
Homestead roof caught by flying shingles' flare;
The fire was out and racing down the rills,
It burned the fodder-stack and hay-rick there;
Two thousand barns, with homes among, and mills,
Whose wheels were turned by water's might from all the hills.

With a hundred bands, they rode with burning brands,
(As once Louvois, in the Palatinate),
Along the Shenandoah's silvery sands;
Uncurbed their steeds, and rode with fiery hate;
By rapine led—while Fury rode with Fate.

To one, we must deserving tribute pay,
For tenderness, worthy of a higher care,
For there in darkened room the mother lay,
And with her was a new-born babe, as fair
Perhaps, as one that lay in manger there,
In Bethlehem, where Angels stood to wait;

With barn and mill ablaze, the burning flare
Of writhing embers flung, made certain fate:
All day, death's angel seemed to wait, there at the gate.

To soldier bronzed, who sat on his dark bay,
This story was told by the gray miller there;
On face that had been fair, a flush gave play—
"God knows, I hate the task, some reason rare,
Put out the fire, for woman and babe I dare."
The brand had begun on the hay to feed,
Up there in the barn loft, by the ladder stair.
His men beat out the fire with hurried need;
They rode that night with hearts alight, by kindly deed.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

The tragedy of "The War between the States," had long been feared. Prophetic visioners sought in vain to prevent its consummation. That tragedy has now passed into history—a history that has found no sufficient expression in book form, and in its full intensity can never be written. Language will fail to portray it or to convey to the human mind its full measure.

The actors in the South could only do, each one, his or her own part; but upon Virginia rested the greater burthen. For her capitol became the Capitol of the Confederacy. And from being the farthest north in its physical conformation, soon became its centre. For within the radius of Virginia's own territory, the two great armies contended for mastery.

The one supplied with all the appliances of creative energy, backed by the unlimited resources of men and money, with the open door to all the world behind them.

The other, isolated and continually shrinking in number from terrible losses on the battlefield. Depending to some extent on foray for military supplies and equipments; the soldiers arming themselves from captured guns and pistols; and clothing themselves with home-made jeans or linsey-woolsey. Norfolk, Wilmington, and Charleston, the only seaports available to Virginia, were soon closed to almost complete isolation, save by an occasional blockade runner.

FATALITY AMONG LEADERS IN ACTION

The fatality by death or severe wounds which obtained among the leaders and officers of the Southern Army had a large influence in determining the result.

As at Shiloh, when Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, reputed the greatest leader amongst them, because of already distinguished service in the old army, was killed when victory was almost assured.

Again in the Peninsula campaign and the ensuing battles about Richmond, the severe wounding of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, that Fabian tactician, probably enabled the army of McClellan to escape destruction.

And then at Chancellorsville, when Gen. Stonewall Jackson was grievously wounded to death, it almost certainly saved Gen. Hooker from irretrievable disaster.

At Piedmont, when Gen. Wm. E. Jones, in command, was killed in the melee of battle, the victory almost won, was lost, and was followed by the burning of the Virginia Military Institute.

At Yellow Tavern, when Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was wounded to death, another great leader went down at a crucial moment.

Elsewhere: Brigade, regimental and company commanders, whenever distinguished by their presence in action, became the target of sharpshooters. So great indeed was the fatality, that the question might well be asked, was it providential or organized effort. Which suggestions receive added force by the developments of the Dahlgren raid.

THE STRUGGLE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Behind the scenic display and the pyrotechnics of battle, was the effort to sustain the men in the field. The cavalry rode their own horses, furnished a large part of their own equipments. Shoes and clothing, to the greater extent, had to be supplied to the soldier from home, either by their own families or by county or municipal aid—and when this failed the soldier went unkempt and half-clad.

The women were always knitting, and the shuttle of the weaver by nimble hands kept flying. The old-fashioned carding machines and fulling mills had not then been entirely displaced by modern invention. These became the basis for the manufacture of Confederate Gray cloth, generally used by civilian as well as soldier, whenever it could be obtained.

The wool was carded into long rolls ready for the spinning, which in turn was hand-spun by thousands of spinning wheels, set in motion everywhere. The big wheel that stood on the barn floor, and the little wheel in the corner by grandmother's chair, while other thousands were brought down from the garrets.

The old hand-loom, of cumbersome construction, long time relegated to the outhouse for carpet weaving, was again restored to pioneer activity. The manufacture of linsey-woolsey, never quite abandoned, revived with ceaseless toil. While the cultivation of flax, the essential of genuine linsey-woolsey, was renewed by almost every farmer. While hemp and castor beans, with sorghum cane for molasses, found standing room in luxuriant patches.

The black sheep of the flock, long time in disrepute, received now fostering care at the hands of the shepherd. Coloring matter had to be supplied direct from nature's store. For this purpose, oak and walnut bark being much used. The art of dyeing received great attention. Calico and gingham soon disappeared, cotton osnaburgs taking their place.

The hand-knit socks and stockings, had not then been superseded by the machine-woven. The busy housewife, knitting in hand, plied her every care. Knitting was the first art taught to children. Knitted visors of colored wool were supplied to soldiers, more especially to cavalry. Knitted hoods, were also worn by women and children.

Both hats and caps were made for men in soldier fashion. Hats were also made of plaited straw, the long green half-cured rye-straw being preferred—many of them of great merit.

The farms were often denuded of all male help, and left to struggling women and children, sometimes without even the irrepressible small boy. In many instances, these were compelled to make and save the crops upon which their lives depended.

HEROISM OF THE SOUTH.

The heroism of those engaged in the struggle, on the part of the South, can never be denied. It was a great battle at close range, with the old muzzle loading gun, black powder, percussion cap, and the bayonet, which needs must have a man behind the gun.

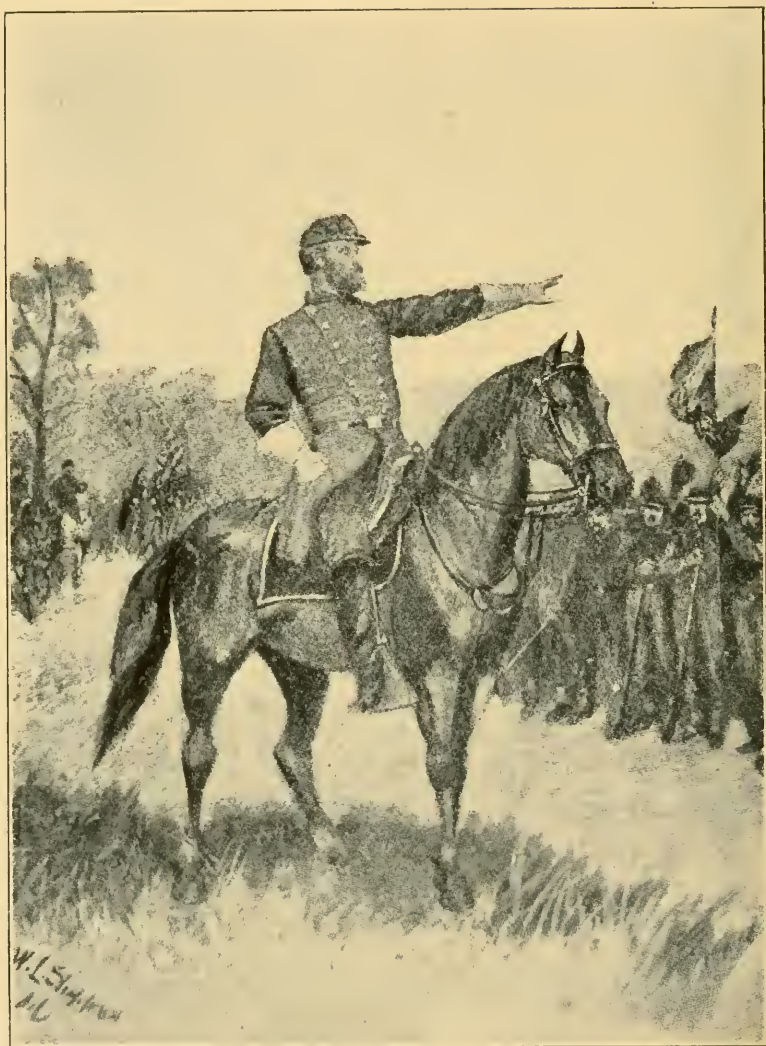
Gen. Stonewall Jackson placed under arrest a general officer at Kernstown, who attempted to withdraw his men out of range, when their ammunition failed.

At Sharpsburg, a Confederate command stood in line of battle for hours, without a single round of ammunition in their cartridge boxes.

At First Manassas, a young Virginian struck down his foe with a rock, which took the place of an empty gun.

"The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing waft the leaves that are searest;
But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest."

—("The Coronach," from Sir Walter Scott.)



GEN. THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.

"In the Army of the Shenandoah, you were the FIRST BRIGADE! In the Army of the Potomac, you were the FIRST BRIGADE! In the Second Corps of the Army, you are the FIRST BRIGADE! You are the FIRST BRIGADE in the affections of your General, and I hope, by your future deeds and bearing, you will be handed down to posterity as the FIRST BRIGADE, in this our second war of Independence.—Farewell!"

(See John Esten Cooke's *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, Chap. II, pages 8-86).

Just Where the White Oaks Grew

A clump of white oak trees on road that goes from mill,
Just where the pathway leads to bluff of Castle Hill,
From which to view, outstretched before, the river-way,
A village custom of the long ago, on Sunday.

For you could see, on left, from rocky-ridging crest,
The Great North Mountain swinging away to the west;
On right, the line of bluff where ragged cedars run,
With Cyclopean towers among, and thus begun,
The waving line of hill, that o'er the Valley flew,
For thirty miles or more to crested ridge of blue.

There came on more of fame, to where the white oaks grew,
The eighteenth day of May in eighteen sixty-two,
Stonewall Jackson by name, to rest on Sabbath day,
A vision fair, unrolled before his white Marquee.

The red-hill road,—guttered along when rains did pour,—
That to the village ran, was lost when glancing o'er;
(For village lay in sun, or stars looked down upon)
For there were fields, all scarred with early planted corn,
And wimpling watered meadows, and wheat fields waving green,
Woodland and shading trees, and herds in pasture seen;
Orchard clusters in view, with house and barn among,
And birds were singing sons, as birds have always sung;
Edging crystal waters, locusts and cedars sleep;
The mill below the dam, lay swathed in willows deep.

From under white oak trees, the line of vision played,
Far down Mossy Creek, that oft by dams was stayed;
As quivering in sunlight, it lay in sheets of silver,
Or glinting, as the moonlight playing on the river;
Until the Furnace came, Round Hill, and through the air,
The lifted vision caught, the Peaked Mountain there.

Elliott's Knob came into view, by turning half around,
With hood of snow, it stood, its crest a great white mound;
Today, in month of May, with hood of sober gray,
In dress of green, it stands some twenty miles away.

From its bare crest, except where huckleberries grew,
A signal flag,—if secret code, you only knew;
A banner flung on high, on wireless wave it flew,
Over Valley fair, to Peaked Mountain, just in view,
And told the tale, to warrior Gray, in white Marquee:
That massing plumes of warriors blue, in Valley lay.

On either hand, these mountains stood,
In tartan plaid and crested hood;
To guard the warrior Gray,
Who lay in white Marquee,
Just sixty years ago, on Sabbath day.

"Old Blue Light," fondly called, who stayed to rest,
And to pray, on Sabbath day : Alone out there,
Under the white oak trees on castled crest ;
He must have seen up there the spider's lair ;
For with witches broom, he swept its web from air,
And flung strategic lines across the blue.
Always he prayed, so that it is but fair
To say, this blue light elder, had in view,
Communion and Council of War, with Deity too.

This gray-clad chief, who bore the sobriquet,
Of "Stonewall Jackson," rode "Old Sorrel" there,
Where road by garden-wall and mill-dam lay,—
A crystal lake,—that led to village square,
Where lifted cap, betrayed his clustering hair ;
Beneath the brow : a glint of steel that fell
From eyes that vigil kept, a dark beard there ;
This vision framed, we may not wait to tell
Of fame he won, of death ; nor yet of foemens' knell.

"Across the River," with his columns gray !
But e'er they passed, his name and theirs was flung,
By subtle skill, design, and glorious fray,
Through vaulted sky, to where the rainbow hung ;
His battle flag was scorched with fiery tongue :
For it was carried far, where haughty plume
On war-horse rode, and battle-song was sung ;
From hooded peak, across the ocean's boom,
Old time, his name and theirs, will sound beyond the tomb.

THE STORY OF "NEVER DESPAIR"

Today, Sunday, June 18, 1916,—crumpled up in her great arm-chair, the shriveled form of an aged woman sits staring into vacancy. Forgot are all her surroundings; she is a child again, and wanders at will under the old chestnut trees; or is merrily singing in the spring-house yonder; or with her brother, John, still a fair-haired boy, struggling with the diffidence of the dreamer, while going about his duties on the farm and shop. Now she talks of Gertrude, her cat, that was too fond of young chickens. Again and again, she tells over the scenes of her childhood, of her youth, and young womanhood; as the recur to her wandering vision. And sometimes, she sings the songs, that still brighten her memory. The hymns of praise, and hope of future life: the "Home Over There," for which she is waiting. There are outbursts of long garnered up sentiment. Of religion, of home, of country; and the far-off cry, she bursts out into patriotic strains of poetic thought; songs of the long ago, this is one of them, which will follow.

An attempt was made to tell her about the conduct of the war in France and Belgium. She bitterly denied the possibility of such devastation, as was pictured to her: "Its a lie! all a lie," she exclaimed.

The result was that it recalled to her memory a poem that was published in January, 1865, that was new to all of us. Its forensic dictation, by her in a high pitched voice gave the opportunity to take it down.

Of the original poem, she repeated three stanzas: The first, second, and sixth, and exactly as it was originally published. And literally, screamed out the last line:

"And our mothers scream out, don't despair, don't despair!"

She belongs to the Old South, and with it has passed away. Her grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and she was named for Gen. Francis Marion, the hero of South Carolina.

She was waiting with folded hands, and since has passed "Over the river, to rest in the shades of the trees," where "No night shall be in Heaven."

Staunton Vindicator, of January 6, 1865.

"TO HIM WHO DESPAIRS."

(Probably written by Howe Yekerton Peyton.)

Tho' the roofs be on fire,—tho' the rivers run blood,
Tho' their flag's on the hill, on the plain, on the flood;
Though their bayonets bristle, and shouts rend the air;
Faint heart, do not utter one cry of despair!

The red moon looks on the field of the slain,
The gaunt vulture soars o'er the desolate plain;
By the loved ones that mantled in glory lie there,
Arouse from thy slumber, and do not despair!

We have mountains that lift their gray peaks to the skies,
We have rivers whose creeks to the war yells replies,
We have sinewy arms, we have souls that will dare;
While these are our safeguards, why doubter, despair!

The great God is just, and he blesses the right,
He makes the weak to rise like a giant in might;
When he strikes for his, and the tender ones there,—
There is hope in each blow,—there's shame in despair!

Then shoulder to shoulder and push on with a tread,
That will shake the loose earth that is heaped o'er the dead;
Bear the torch and the sword to the proud tyrant's lair,
Let the wild battle shout drown the wave of despair!

Despair, while the old man can flourish his staff,
Despair, while the boy at the invader can laugh;
Despair, while our wives and daughters kneel in prayer,
And our mothers scream out,—don't despair,—don't despair!

Go preach to the rock on the lone ocean's shore,
And tell it to battle the billow no more;
While there's life there is hope, for the death blow prepare,
It is glorious to battle, it is base to despair!

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